The Conveyor

What did you do in the war,Daddy?

I was a profiteer.

How...?

Went to see the president with a heart full of patriotism and my hand out. He held his out too...to shake mine,of course.
We understood each other,and contracts followed.

What was your work?

What did they have? Makes no difference. But I only took cash. Truckloads came down to Sea Island,and I diverted every fourth one to Washington and the Republican National Committee.

But where did you put...?

Had Negroes shovel it into bushel baskets and store it in the bomb shelter.

Don’t they steal?

Of course,but we built that in.

But we don’t live in Sea Island now.

The lime slacks crowd objected to the trucks.

Daddy...were you a war criminal?

Those opposing the war were that,Trainor.